COMIX WAVE
29. AUGUST, 1985.
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1985.

Looks like a mini-comic boom taking place. Many new ones come out everyday. My new ones are FRIED BRAINS 11 (an all Hilary Barta issue), BABYFATS 49 and 50, a solo by Rich Prosch, ON THE AIR, and, of course, COMIX WAVE 22, the KISS OF COMIX WAVE. The minis are 50/stamp and CW22 is $1.56 pp. The memorial drawing for Chester Gould was done by David Miller. Gould got many of us through our teens with his great DICK TRACY stories.* NORMAL BEAN 6 is $1.56 pp from Roland Trenary, 3928 23rd Ave S, Mpls, MN 55407.* You can get 4 issues of POOT from Bob Sheridan for $1.25! 10922 Fortune Ave, Cleveland, OH 44111.* BIG WIMP #1 is $1 pp from Gary Cifra POB 2094, Glendora, CA 91740.* TELEVISION JOURNEY 50/st from Chris Bors, 121 Texas Lane, Ithaca, NY 14850. ALLIES 1 is 1.39 from KLUTZ, POB 3684, Chico, CA 95927 Nicholson and Howard art. John is in New Mexico now. His newest is BLADES IN THE GRASS. 16 pp. $1. 4312 Pan Am NE #222, Albuquerque 87107.* $1 gets you BUF-O and you connect with another good zine. Klaus D. Haisch, 1729 E. Tabor St., Indianapolis, IN 46203.* SERIOUS 9 is 25/st from CET, 45 Wilcox St., Rochester, NY 14607. C.G.

FIRST COMICS is publishing a hot calendar for 1986 by Olivia.* New from England: SWIFT SURE, Harrier Publishing, 3 Marlow Ct, Britannia Square, Worcester, WR1 3DP ENGLAND. ESCAPE MAGAZINE comes from 156 Munster Rd., London SW6 5RA.* Good Crumb et al in the latest RAW.* Check out COMICO's IMAGE and ROBO-TECH.* EL VIBORA 64. $7 from Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, SPAIN, Attn: J. M. Berengueur.* A new WONDER WARTHOG comic from Rip Off Press.* VALENTINO's comic out. CEREBUS up to 73. Get 'em all!

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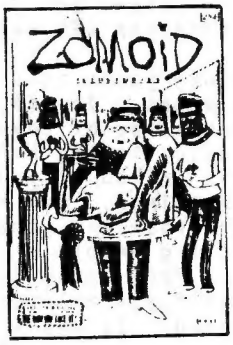

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HAIGHT-ASHBURY REVISITED -PART TWO-

it was a drag to have people walking past my bedroom window at all hours of the night and it got worse when they started throwing stuff in the yard and at the window.

In 1965, most of the people one saw had short hair and good clothes. The majority of the kids who came out on the weekends had money and to them the Haight was just the latest playground. These were not political people. The people involved in campus politics, who were on strike or working seriously to end the Viet Nam war, did not have time to loaf around Haight Street smoking grass all weekend. In '65, the street was filled with young people buying things, Donovan records, Brando posters, second-hand clothes from The Third Hand Store, anything that was for sale. Haight was just the newest on-going bazaar, the chic place to hang out, the place to see the new rock celebs, the dangerous place to be during those times when rival bikers happened to hit the street at the same time or when two pimps got into a fight over the same runaway they wanted to turn out, but for all the pros and cons the word got around that the Haight was happening and the free music in the parks by the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead and the also-rans like Blue Cheer and Mad River and Indian Head Band, not to mention the rumor that young girls danced naked in Speedway Meadow and would go with anyone who had a joint--well, who could stay away from a scene like that? By the time of the big Human Be-In (January 14, 1967), there were thousands of people in Haight-Ashbury. It was fun and dangerous.

At the point when Haight Street shifted from old-style immigrant/black to an art colony, neither the older folks nor the black hustlers, who held the territory at night, liked the way things were going. The older folks found themselves confronted with thousands of loafing teenagers who banged beer cans on their steps to make "music" and who were often sleeping off a cheap wine drunk in a doorway when someone wanted to come and go from a walk-up. The older folks were religious and modest and proper and they saw the young people who ran around half-naked or dressed like Indians as sinful and "weird". What kind of parents did they have who would let their children run wild like this? Well, the majority of the teenagers who flowed into the Haight were not there with parental blessings; they had run away toward dreams of wild acid and endless sex--a media daydream of the H-A. What they found was crash pad rape and the same old con games that go on wherever one class has what another one needs. The kids loved the "acid-rock" music they heard in the parks and the ballrooms; the older folks hated it and considered it demonic (the movie FOOTLOOSE captured just a little of this contrast.). It became in to sample all kinds of drugs (highs) and you were considered "really straight" if you didn't do drugs. The period of free drugs was very short. Most people, particularly "tourists", had to buy their grass, speed, or acid.

There was a strong antipathy between the drug people and the politicos. Those who were into politics, argued that it was possible to change the system through organization and systematic protest. Those who were into drugs would say that was impossible, that the system was totally corrupt, that the only way was to 'turn on, tune in, and drop out.' Tim Leary was going around preaching this drug doctrine in 1965. It is obvious now that the drug people were simply aced out by folks smarter than they. Gangsters had moved into the Haight by the end of 1967, killed off the "hippie" dealers, and the Free Clinic was faced with more than 5,000 heroin addicts within the next two years (best research on this subject is by Dr. David Smith who ran the clinic). Turns out that the H-A was a testing ground for the CIA. They wanted to find out if LSD was an effective mind-control drug, if it could be used for crowd control.

I had two experiences with LSD, the first came in a piece of Michael Corrigan's wedding cake and the second was in Fresno. I smoked a little grass once in awhile during those years, but never got interested in drugs. I am more interested in the art and music as most of you readers know. In the Haight, I saw the Fillmore posters in the windows and I picked up ZAP and the Joel Beck comix as they came out.

For a long time in '66 and '67, we lived in the ballrooms; Fillmore, Avalon, Longshoreman's. We danced while Janis sang "Ball and Chain" and stayed until the end of that hour and a half version of Midnight Hour played by the old Grateful Dead with Pigpen at the organ. We saw Andy Warhol and his gang, heard Lou Reed, watched Andy's movies on the walls. We were there the night Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention came up from L.A. Bill Graham had been with the San Francisco Mime Troupe and he was always getting different theatre groups to participate in his early happenings. We would see plays like Mike McClure's THE BEARD which imagined Billy the Kid meeting Jean Harlow in Eternity, people like Lenny Bruce, improv groups like The Committee. Bill always had great stuff happening at the Fillmore. I remember people painting their bodies, drawing on the floor, dancing under black lights or strobe lights, remember those fantastic indescribable light shows. I used to go upstairs and watch them, guys squirting paint on whirling discs as the image was projected on the wall behind the band and it was shifting, organic; when you were doing a dance in the middle of the room, you were like a one-celled animal inside a larger cell. People wore many different costumes. There was no dress standard. Women wore minidresses for awhile, then granny dresses and glasses. John Lennon made those popular again. Paisley was everywhere, on my shirts, on Lennon's Rolls Royce; it was an Indian design and sold in stores along the Haight and for awhile everyone was wearing it.

Twenty years ago. It was too short. In '65, there was a lot of love and good feeling in the Haight. Strangers smiled at you and gave you things. But by late '67, the dream was gone. Cops were beating people on the streets. Many moved to Sonoma and Mendocino. A lot of people died. It was a brief flash.

C.G.